A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Duke LAUDERDALE, AND THE LORD DANBY.

14. Jan. 1680

D. GReat Sir, I cannot but congratulate
The just Submission of your stubborn Fate;
Which to your Honour hath a Tyrant been:
But now she sees her Folly and her Sin.
Still may she prove most constant unto you,
And always pay what to your Grace is due.

L. Dear Sir, for nought can I commend my Fate,
But that she'th made me happy in a Mate.
And such I'll prove, even in Extremity,
Since we are Brothers in Iniquity.

D. My Lord, you very much mistake the Word.
We were so once: to that I do accord.
But now our Pardons for our sins are Seal'd,
I think the Guilt is justly then Repeal'd.
Though we were cover'd o're with Clouds of Sin,
The, 're vanish'd now, and all our fears therein.
Now dare we our Protection claim as Right
Of *Charles* our King; who surely will, in spite
Of all our Foes, resolve to set us free.
Nor will he lose that Right of Majesty.
His Royal Word is past, we need not doubt;
His Honour will take care to make it out.

L. Right, *Tom*; and, by my Soul, I'll never fear
Before th'insulting Commons to appear,
And let them but affront me if they dare.
For all their humming noise, I'll make them know,
I'll sit above when they sha'n't sit below.
There will I still with Courage vindicate
Thy Honour, and subvert the unjust Hate
Of all thy Foes: nor shall they dare pretend
To say thou art not King and Country's Friend.

D. Pox on them; Let them go for a damn'd Crew,
Whilst we with Craft their Ruine do pursue.
Let them Vote on, and we will still devise
To make them all a burning Sacrifice
To him, 'gainst whom they've made so many Lyes.
My drooping Soul transported is to think,
When he doth rise, how all these Rogues will sink.
With Vengeance we'll pursue them in Retreat:
We'll hasn them quick, and let our Dogs them eat;

for

For Hereticks we'll damn them whilst alive;
And then to Hell in Flocks we will them drive.

L. Thy Courage bold I cannot but commend,
For sure he's both our worthy Duke and Friend.
Let's not despair, but briskly carry on
The Glorious Work we have so well begun.
Let's then once more our Treasons all repeat,
And leave the Lovely Dutchess then to treat
For new Pardons; to whom we need not fear,
The King will lend a gracious heart and ear.
Thou know'st how much she is oblig'd to thee,
Nor do I doubt but she our Friend will be.

D. Thy Counsel bravely elevates my Soul:
We'll practice Treason still without Controul.
But that His Majesty shall ne'er believe;
Or if he do, he quickly shall forgive:
My Dutchess shall so all his Senses charm,
He never shall believe we'll do him harm.

L. By my Soul, Mac, she's a most powerful Spell;
Were't not for her, we'd surely been in Hell.
She is the strongest Pillar of our Hope;
The surest Friend to our brave Plot and Pope.
She is all Power, she is all Command:
By her Assistance we'll betray this Land.

D. Much Honour to her Goddesship is due;
But I'd sav'd her the labour, Sir, and you,
Had my Army, fill'd with lusty Fellows,
Not yet been disbanded by the Jealous
And mistrustful Parliament, Pox on 'em:
Presumptious Fops, to take that Act upon 'em.
But let that pass; e'er long they'l surely find,
They'd better, been more Loyal and more Kind.

L: Say'd me the Labour, Sir? What do you mean?
I never grutch'd my Labour or my Pain.
You know I had ten thousand Men at Call,
To joyn with you to work these Nations Fall.
If you compare our Actions in this Plot,
You'll find I come not short of you one Jot.
What's all the noise the Rebels made of late
In *Scotland*? Did not I it all create?
Was't not on my Counsel first resolved,
Th'Old New Parliament should be dissolved?
Or we'd both in Ruine been involved?

D. My Lord, all this and more I do allow,
And do my Faith to my Experience owe.
I ne'er meant to detract from your Just Fame;
But to my death I'll still maintain the same.
You are a drudging Rebel; and, by *Jove*,
I'll ne'er forsake you while I stand or move.
But now, My Lord, I feel my self not well;
I therefore kiss your hand, and bid farewell.

FINIS.